© Audrey Heller, 2014, all rights reserved

Winter Wind Etude

We're running down a staircase holding hands & laughing. Faster and faster with the wind at our backs, wind become ice, wind become storm. We realize we should not be laughing. We realize that we can't breathe at all. Your face turns desperate for air. I look behind me. Such thrill, then terror—the speed at which this first began, the speed at which things fall apart, the speed at which I lose you.

Lillian Kwok
Copyright © 2014

Lillian Kwok is originally from Philadelphia and now lives and studies in Sweden. Her work appears or is forthcoming in *Hawaii Pacific Review*, *Salt Hill*, *NANO Fiction*, and other journals. She holds an MFA from Vermont College of Fine Arts.